

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

RECOGNIZING FARMEDHERE ON THEIR GRAND OPENING

HON. DANIEL LIPINSKI

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, March 21, 2013

Mr. LIPINSKI. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize FarmedHere, a revolutionary vertical farming facility in Bedford Park, IL, that celebrates its Grand Opening this week.

Envisioned as an sustainable solution to growing fresh produce in an urban environment, Steve Dennenberg, Paul Hardej, Paul Suder, Jolanta Hardej, and Mark Weglarz came together to found and operate FarmedHere. Designed to bring food closer to the consumer, FarmedHere is located in a formerly unoccupied warehouse in Bedford Park. The facility uses cutting-edge technological advances in aquaponics, aeroponics, and vertical farming to make urban agricultural production a possibility. While many types of produce travel thousands of miles to reach the plates of Chicagoland residents, FarmedHere products save money and energy by keeping the growing and distribution processes local in the Chicagoland area.

Beyond being economically efficient and ecologically-minded, FarmedHere also gives back to the local community. FarmedHere has partnered with the Chicago Botanic Garden to teach students about aquaponics and the future of urban farming. This partnership teaches students how to be leaders in this exciting new industry that will create jobs now and in the future.

Residents of the Greater Chicago Area now have access to fresh local basil, arugula, and salad dressing produced sustainably by their own neighbors thanks to FarmedHere. Eventually, this business will grow and begin selling fresh fish and more energy-intensive fruits and vegetables. The founders of FarmedHere also hope to someday move entirely "off the grid" by using cutting edge technologies to produce their own energy, fertilizer, and output—all under one roof.

FarmedHere and vertical farms like it are good for the economy and the environment, and I am proud that this one-of-a-kind facility is located in the 3rd District of Illinois. Today, I ask my colleagues to join me in congratulating the entire FarmedHere family on their successful launch and to wish many years of continued success.

HONORING THE LIFE OF DR. HORACE PERRY JONES

HON. RODNEY ALEXANDER

OF LOUISIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, March 21, 2013

Mr. ALEXANDER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the life and memory of Dr. Horace Perry Jones, a legendary figure in the history

of the University of Louisiana at Monroe (ULM). Dr. Jones taught history at ULM for nearly five decades, from 1965 until his retirement in May of last year. During that span, he touched the lives of tens of thousands of students, each of whom walked away from his class with much more than just lessons in history. Dr. Jones passed away on Tuesday, March 19, 2013, at the age of 83.

Dr. Jones's passion for life was evident to all who encountered him and who knew his remarkable story. A native of North Carolina, Dr. Jones served in the U.S. Marine Corps and fought in the Korean War under the revered general, Lewis "Chesty" Puller. His adventures did not end after leaving the Marines, and he carried his "Semper Paratus" spirit with him for the rest of his life. In addition to vigorously pursuing his extensive education in history, Dr. Jones hitchhiked across the globe, traveling through Europe, the Middle East, Southwest Asia, India, the Far East, and through the Panama Canal. He taught at the American School in London before eventually returning to the U.S. After earning his Ph.D. from the University of Mississippi, in 1965 he accepted a position with Northeast Louisiana State College—today known as the University of Louisiana at Monroe, a school Dr. Jones came to love as much as he loved him.

For the next 47 years he dazzled his students and community with a magical combination of history, humor, and unreserved passion for life. Outside the classroom, Dr. Jones was a local icon. He could easily be spotted driving his antique yellow Volkswagen on campus and across town. It was not an unusual sight to see Dr. Jones standing under a campus tree's canopy, beneath his mounted boar's head, reciting his poetry to a crowd of mesmerized students. On days of home football games, he was often spotted wandering the Grove among tailgaters, carrying a large can labeled with unmentionable motivational language. Even the Stubbs Hall office he occupied was celebrated—cramped with bizarre artifacts, classroom props, and hundreds of books he had read cover to cover.

But for all he was recognized for outside the classroom, most will remember Dr. Jones for his role inside the classroom. There he brought history to life, and brought life into perspective. He was well known to have a few students carry him into class in a coffin, only for him to suddenly jump out and surprise his perplexed audience. It was not unusual for him to show up to class wearing a weathered graduation cap and gown, or excessively baggy and faddish "Jnco" blue jeans, or a "Rage Against the Machine" T-shirt. In his classes he would leap off desks, swing yardsticks as swords, scream, cry, laugh, and teach the most passionate lessons of history imaginable.

As exciting as his classes could be, he was a very serious teacher. His lessons were strategically emphasized with props, chalkboard drawings, and his massive Cold War era fabric map, which he hauled from class to class for decades and draped across his classroom

walls. His book reports and handwritten tests could be challenging, but not nearly as much as his notorious "map tests," on which students were required to label each country and sea in the world.

Perhaps the most special moments of his classes were on the final class of each semester, when Dr. Jones would weave the poetry of Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken" in with his incredible story of his trek across the planet. After that class, if a student had not already recognized it before, he realized that he was a fortunate soul to have had the unique privilege to study from this extraordinary man, who not only taught history, but lived it, and who not only lived, but redefined how life should be lived.

Dr. Jones will undoubtedly be missed by the many who knew and loved him. But though his life on Earth is now over, his spirit, legend, and legacy will live on in the hearts and minds of the untold thousands whose lives he touched.

IN MEMORY OF PATRICK SELLERS

HON. KEVIN BRADY

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, March 21, 2013

Mr. BRADY of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor a proud veteran from my district who served his country well, loved his family and friends and epitomized generosity and selflessness.

As a proud soldier, Patrick Sellers earned his jump wings at Fort Benning before joining the Special Forces as an Intelligence Analyst. He was proud of his military service with good reason. In addition to those coveted Airborne wings, Staff Sergeant Sellers earned a Meritorious Service Medal, an Army Commendation Medal, an Army Achievement Medal, a Joint Services Achievement Medal, a German Armed Forces Badge for Military Proficiency, a Non Commissioned Officers Development Ribbon, the National Defense Service Medal, and the Army Service Medal. He capped off his military service working in the Counter Terrorism Unit at the National Security Agency.

But Patrick was more than just a soldier, he was a husband, a son, a brother, an uncle and most importantly, a dad. His wife of 20 years, Tamatha and their 12 year old son William Cade are deeply feeling his sudden loss. So are his extended family, friends, and co-workers, who will remember Patrick for his quick and decisive wit, his ability to relate to anyone in any circumstance and his uncanny ability to disarm people with an exceptional impersonation. Underneath his tough soldier "get it done" exterior was a love of life, of family and of football. His passion for NFL Football was evident in his competitive fantasy league. I'm sure there are coaches in the NFL who could have benefitted from his knowledge of the game.

To Tamatha, William Cade, his parents Terry and Eulata Sellers, his sister Sharon,

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